

Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Herrick Avenue.

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O. WORKERS!

"The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears,
The arms ye forge, another bears."

"Sow seeds, but let no tyrant reap,
Find wealth, let no impostor keep;
Weave robes, let not the idle wear,
Forge arms, in your defense to bear."
—Anonymous.

THE WHITE FLAG.

The subject of the editor of the Union Labor Dept. to reply to so-called "adverse and vindictive criticism" is altogether consistent with the inherent nature and the common sense of craft unionism. The craft union of today owes its very existence to the sufferance of the capitalist class. Hence the prating of brotherhood of capital and worker, naturally of interest—servility at nausum.

On Labor Day the workers on parade are out of all proportion to those that line the thoroughfare. Some two millions are organized in craft unions affiliated with the A. F. of L., while a possible forty million are unorganized. Until very recently, as one friend has intimated, a member of the Marxian club was counted in the great majority. Joining a union is nothing more nor less than an economic proposition. The time being, it is true that the writer's economic interest lies within the union. Neither conceit nor short sight blinds the writer to the fact that it is equally true that in the long run his lot is irrevocably cast with that of the working class at large.

The craft union is a Chinese wall thrown up against the bulk of the workers to secure "fair" conditions for a few. It is a "job trust" that is recognized by class conscious capitalism as "the greatest bulwark against socialism."

The young man or woman casting about in search of a trade or equipment with which to conquer the necessities of life finds many limitations of the craft unions and sees the various unions exterminated, or what is worse, sub-divided by the inroads of automatic and semi-automatic machinery.

The craft unions are so fettered and bound by the petty interests of the immediate present that they can never realize more than a small part of their stunted aspirations.

"What does a blacksmith or a machinist or a carpenter know about legislating for a barber or a clerk or a street car man? Or vice versa." No doubt the blacksmith, the machinist and the carpenter would hesitate to legislate an increase in the price of a shave, or to add fifteen or twenty per cent to the price of his goods.

The Hatters' Strike.
Our guileless friends have presented the most forcible argument against the A. F. of L. and favorable to industrialism we have ever seen:

"By one stroke of the pen the Employing Hatters' Combine, a mighty conspiracy controlling 97 per cent of the working industry locked out the 25,000 Hatters engaged in the manufacture of hats. Such an excellent opportunity and so much leisure withal for the workmen and women, machinists, blacksmiths, barbers and clerks affected to look one another in the eye and exclaim: 'All workers have been much unemployed. Winter is now here. Fires must be kept up. Children must have shoes. The days are cold. But so it must be, for you know we could not possibly legislate for one another.'"

Could a more eloquent plea be found against the terrible delusion of the union label? One way or the other the boss, by a scratch of the pen, reduces 25,000 persons to beggary. Where and what is the label? The workers are powerless to control the quality of the goods on which it appears. It is advertised as a sort of plaster to protect the consumer from contamination with the stunts, and not as a token that the workers have rights and are bound to get them.

The Iron Age.

Since we live in the "Iron Age" it may be well to note the condition of the metal workers. On every hand machinery is displacing human labor. In the smithy, drop forging machines; in the machine shop, automatic lathes and marvelously enduring steel; in the foundry—but what's the use? The least we could say would receive little credence by a man up a tree.

Speaking from personal experience, the iron trades are inseparable but they are not organized that way in the A. F. of L. The object seems to be to guarantee the employer a sufficient number of molders, machinists or pattern-makers bound by "sacred contracts," to break any strike. That's the way it works out in practice and each succeeding convention of the A. F. of L. is marked by jurisdiction squabbles that give no promise of a change.

The several unions, of which the A. F. of L. is composed, have been compared with the watertight compartments of a ship. The ship is capitalism. Punish any compartment, the ship still floats through the union and its members are annihilated.

Now tear out the compartment partitions and you have industrial unionism. An injury to one is an injury to all and when one is injured the reckoning will be with all with no "sister unions" to thrash the injured ones into submission.

These in short are a few of the reasons why the Marxian Club receives no answer to its pointed but impersonal comments on the union question.

LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

It is possible to have a landscape garden in miniature and many have been the successful attempts in this line of work throughout America. Of

course it takes someone who has an abundance of time or sufficient money to pay some one to plan and do the work. One could have a Japanese garden, Dutch garden or any foreign type. Get books and magazines treating of such gardens, and follow the flower and color scheme as closely as possible. If one has the means, the garden can be provided with a quaint building garden seat or trellis, for which foreign gardens are noted.

COOKED CHEESE BALLS.

One-half cup Roquefort cheese, one-half cup grated cream or Swiss cheese, one-half cup bread crumbs, one teaspoonful catsup and one beaten egg. Roll into balls, dip in beaten egg and then in rolled cracker crumbs that have been seasoned with salt and pepper and fry in deep fat. These can be seasoned with butter and baked in a quick oven. Serve with a salad.

THE PROBLEM AND TASK

The Worker, Alaska, "Industrial Federation" organ of the Workers' Federation of the United States, a sympathetic article to the lamentable fact that has virtually dissolved the I. W. W., leaving, of the once national and promissory organization, nothing but such "I-am-a-bum" floss and jetsam, as one hears of occasionally here and there with a Spokane lodging house as real headquarters, and a sturdy band, with New York for headquarters, that holds aloft, above the wreck on the industrial field, the banner of Industrial Unionism.

Our sympathetic contemporary in Nome does not despair of the future. That's well. All the same, its diagnosis of the disease savors of delirium—a state of mind perilously close to Despair. An opinion that correctly refers to intolerable "autocracy" at the once headquarters, and from that throws the blame upon something that must have been "lack of leadership" in the construction of the organization—such an opinion is the child of Bewilderment, a state of mind that the startling object lesson furnished by the fracas might well justify, but which we should all guard against. The object lesson is pregnant with instruction.

The staunchest of crews could hardly do more than, if it could do as much, save its life upon a loosely jointed, crazy craft. On the other hand, to turn turtle is the almost inevitable fate of the staunchest and best jointed craft manned by a crazy crew.

Robust ignorance will prevent progress, persisted in it will cause retrogression. The contribution of the A. F. of L. to the labor movement is the loud warning that the body that persists in ignorance is bound to fall behind. A. F. of L. benightedness is sinking the wheels of its chariot into ever deeper ruts, and, consequently, corruption.

A little knowledge, crazes little heads. The identical little heads who, within the fold of the A. F. of L. and kindred organizations, caught not the faintest ray of light, or, if they did, were otherwise surrounded with two heavy banks of darkness for the glimmerings which they caught to make them lose their base, these identical little heads lost their equilibrium in the I. W. W., and, when advanced to

office, grew so top-heavy that they stood upon their heads. Names and stupidities. They will occur to all who are posted. The contribution of the equally loud warning that a crazy crew in charge of the best ships will make it turn turtle, and likewise land in corruption.

Movements Make Men.
Movements make men. The movement is greater than any man in it. All this is true, and must never be lost sight of. But this other is true also—movements are of men: without the right men, no movement. The two principles must be held together.

The joint contribution of the A. F. of L. and the I. W. W. to the practical experience of the economic movement is:

"Do not, on your life, organize first and educate afterwards; educate first and organize afterwards. Such has been the baneful effect of pure and simple policy that, if you organize first, then one of two things will happen: Either the leaden weight of pure and simplemindedness will be too heavy to overcome, and relapse will be certain. Or, lightweights are sure to turn up at the top, like small potatoes in a shaken barrel, and adding to the fatuousness of pure and simplemindedness which comes from a glimmer of fresh acquired and undigested knowledge, fly off the handle."

In either case, disaster, not unaccompanied with corruption.—Weekly People.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS

Freedom's battle once begun,
Requeth'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
—Byron.

We are getting a glimmer of what is going on in Russia, but on the whole we are better posted on events which took place before the existence of the human race than we are with present day events in Russia—and our own?

One thing, however, stand out clear; czarism and all that thereby hangs, is determined to smother in blood the aspirations of the Russian people.

Political agitation proscribed; the hangman working overtime; imprisonment and exile for thousands; conspiracy and counter conspiracy hatched; how will the atmosphere ever be cleared of it all until the red flame of revolution does its work?

Popular meetings suppressed; revolutionary leaders exiled or jailed; the police spy and the whip of the Cossack representing "Law and Order," and several of the Russian lovers of liberty but to work in secret association.

Czarism's mandate is not in slavery or rot in chains. Denied political expression, denied all right of protest the people are driven to conspiracy. "We are," said "E. Is a coward that under certain circumstances would not conspire, just as he is a fool who under other circumstances would do so."

Circumstances is Russia dictate the character of the struggle there—it must be understood. Circumstances here dictate just the opposite—the struggle here must be open and above board.

WANT ADS BRING BIG RESULTS

UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices
of the
OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to
W. M. PIGGOTT, Editor,
375 Twenty-fourth Street.

THE "LATE" LEGISLATURE.

May his soul rest in peace. From the time of his birth until his demise his career was marked by halting and irresolution. His actions were more in keeping with the gyrations of a pack of school children than that of more matured intelligence for which we had so fondly hoped. The poor fellow seemed to have been born under an unlucky star—having had poor health from the beginning; and his "overtimely" demise was looked forward to with mingled pleasure and regrets—with regrets because he at once showed that he was unable to cope with anything of great importance, with pleasure because the awful and trying ordeal is over.

He was early attacked with such a severe case of prohibitionitis that his vitality became so impaired that he was easily led into many "by and questionable paths." Then we see him suffering from a severe attack of "Des Moines plan hallucinationibus" which seemed to still more unnerve him.

Next we find him in the throes of "fire and policeman's commission-ausea," which certainly left him in a more debilitated and deplorable condition.

And lastly, but not least, we see him in the last stages of the disease known as "booze controlloisus," which proved too much for the little fellow, and, after the agony was prolonged for a week beyond his expectancy, he "sne died." And, when all too late, the services of Dr. Spry were sought, he pronounced the case hopeless, and ordered the poor fellow laid away in a "veto" grave. Of all the farce comedies that were ever staged the Utah legislature of 1909 stands prominently "the real thing."

Many salutary measures were presented to our legislators, which, if they had been enacted into law, would have been of lasting benefit to all our people—but it seems that it was not to be.

But it is as we have all along contended. Our legislators are too often largely made up of men who are either incompetent, or of those who seek those honors from mercenary motives. Any good that we expect from either.

One remedy for this evil is to place the salaries of our legislators at a figure commensurate with the services required, and then men of more sterling character and ability will aspire to those positions.

Our legislators should be made up of men of acknowledged business ability and unimpeachable integrity. They should be selected from among lawyers, merchants, farmers, and the trades. But what man can afford, or will consent, to jeopardize his business for the few paltry dollars re-

ceived by our legislators. And it is not right that he should. One man should not be expected to leave his business and work for the benefit of all without he is justly compensated. We believe every man should be justly rewarded for what he does, and it all of our officers, whether they be national, state, county or municipal, were paid a salary instead of "pin money," as many of them are, we could get better men, have better service and save hundreds of thousands of dollars to public treasury every year. Let us "get over" this "penny wise and pound foolish" policy.

PROVIDENCE VS. IMPROVIDENCE.

When we speak of being desirous of obtaining more wages, or when we complain that living expenses are too high, so much so, that we cannot live as we think we ought to, or as it becomes an American citizen to live, we are met with the statement that it is not our fault, but that we must have just that many more "drinks" coming, or if we were more frugal and economical we could get along all right and have plenty to live on besides we could lay by a little each month, also. That there is considerable truth in those statements will be seen by a careful study of the subject.

For several years prior to 1908 times were good. Every one was making money. Wages were never better, and the average pay check was much larger than it has been since; not that the laborer received then what he should have received; but if we had all been as provident as we should have been, there would have been a different story to tell when the hard times came on. As a matter of fact, most people who work for wages are not careful of what they earn. They spend money foolishly and needlessly—for that which they could get along without and be better off without—instead of laying aside a little for a "rainy day." But, says one, why should I deprive myself of the good things of life when the men I work for are living off the fat of the land and enjoying themselves. We will all admit that an abundance of money is a nice thing to have, and luxuries are enjoyable, but show me the man who has those things in abundance and I will show you a man who does not enjoy life as does the man who labors by the day for a reasonable wage. Notwithstanding the fact that the wage worker does not receive his share of what he produces, and living expenses are high, yet the majority of them can save a little. At least, of what they get if they will, and they will be the better for it, but the improvident man—the man who spends his money in riotous living—is usually the one who complains the

most when the "pinch" comes. There are some of our "boys" who, having weathered the hard times in good shape, and have not been very "hard pressed," and why? because they took care of their money when they were making good wages. Brothers, it is better to have a small bank account than to throw it all away gambling or drinking to excess, or spending it on kindred evils. Those things are not pleasures, they only wreck the body, dwarf the intellect and kill the soul. I would have every one enjoy all the pleasures of life possible, and that can be done without an abundance of money, for that, many times, purchases more grief than anything else. The successful business man, as a rule, rarely indulges in those things, and still you wonder why he is successful. Learn the lesson, yourself, and teach it to others and there will not be so many of our fellows wandering about the country asking for bread. We, as laboring people, have yet to learn the lesson of "business." Don't say that you can't; God has given us plenty of brains—good brains—let us develop them; and learn to control ourselves, for if we cannot control ourselves we may never expect to control others. Brothers, I would say to you, be wise, be frugal, be moderate and temperate in all things, and yet, withal, be generous, be manly and be courteous, yet dignified and determined. Be progressive, yet conservative, and you will command the respect and confidence of all men.

THE COOKS AND WAITERS

It seems that the cooks and waiters never get tired of doing things. They are now giving another dance at the Congress Dancing Academy, on March 31. It occurs to us that these boys deserve a great deal of credit, and ought to have a "bunch" of encouragement; for they are certainly hustlers.

While some of their employers appreciate the endeavors of the cooks and waiters to close up the Oriental "joints," yet other do not. Many people wonder why "Japs" and "Chinks" seem to prosper so well in this country. There is, or should be, no wonder about it. If white people did not patronize them, they would not be here. Hundreds of such places were closed up in Chicago, by the white people withholding their patronage from them and the same thing would happen all over the country by the employment of the same methods. But that is not to the liking of a certain class of people, for it is not good "form" to employ a white man or woman as a cook or waiter; they must have an "Oriental" of some kind to be in "style." And this is claimed by some, that they can't keep white help. Perhaps not, when they will offer a white woman—a splendid cook—\$30 per month to take charge of the kitchen, and when she refuses, the same people turn right around and pay a "Jap" \$10 to do the same work. Oh, it's fine, isn't it? Then there are others who want the "Orientals" because they will work cheaper at some work than the white man. These are mostly corporations who employ the coolie class of Orientals. Now, we may be told that such sentiments as the above are not "Christian" or "brotherly," but that they are expressive of self-preservation, just the same. If these people would come to our country, and take an even chance with

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Psychology of a Woman's Foot.

WHAT is going to happen to the foot of the American woman? A hard question to answer, indeed, for the psychology of the foot has been discussed from so many different standpoints that the subject is now in the throes of mystery. Yes, it is a mystery great and unassuming, for none of us women, unless we have the distinct feet imaginable, want the subject brought up in our presence. If we happen to have the necessary ankles and pink little toes and absence of hump we raise the skirt a little bit and display our charms to advantage—or, it should rather be said, to the disadvantage and envy of our dear sisters.

But the subject of feet has always been interesting from an impersonal standpoint. Every woman born of woman considers the care and most effective cover for her feet as the most necessary part of her outfit of charms. A man will allow his shoes to run down a little at the heel and may even consider it unnecessary to replace a broken shoe with a new one, but you'll never find Pauline doing these things—no, Alexander.

The Size of the Feet.
The size of feet and their growth is, however, the most interesting, if the most painful phase, when discussing this subject. A leading chiropodist who has worked over some noted footies is positive that in a case of generations woman will have feet of equal magnitude with her brothers, because women are using their feet to a greater degree than they ever did. He continues:

"Walk along the principal business streets of any city during business hours and see the woman using her feet. She hurries along with the same fixed purpose as her brother. From the rocking chair and the darning needle she has advanced into taking her place in the struggle for existence. See how she steps out and uses her feet. Now, under the head of the business woman, I have included all women who work in business districts, including, of course, the woman who stands in a store from early morning to 6 o'clock, leaning over a counter with poor, tired feet."

Society Women in Line.
"But, doctor, society women—all women of the so-called leisure class, married women who are not compelled to work and can afford servants, they do not use their feet sufficiently to cause any effect on future generations," the reporter queried.

"That is where you are wrong again," the chiropodist answered. "I spend all my days among feet, and I have taken particular pains to study the evolution of the society woman's foot. In consequence I can tell you that her foot is becoming larger, better shaped along the lines of true beauty and a more comfortable and dependable foot than it was 25 years ago. The reasons are simple—your society woman walks a great deal, goes a great deal, is fond of her tennis and other amusements that bring her closer to nature and to the strength and beauty that nature alone can give. It will hurt our business mightily when all women become sensible in their footgear, but for the sake of coming generations I would like to see the dawn of that day."

A well-known manufacturer of women's shoes has put out the statements of the chiropodist and even goes a little further.

Women's Shoes Are Larger.
"Every day women are becoming more sensible in their footwear and that means

a great deal for their general health. I know that women shoes average up larger and, while the great high heels with their monstrous appearance and painful effects on their wearers, are still on the market for the woman who is an extreme and a faddist all the time, the great demand is for common-sense shoes. There is an increase in the size of the feet of girls of future generations we are promised a more classical foot, a more dependable foot and a healthier woman in consequence, which is all very interesting. Since time was man has been a dependable being, and the size of his foot exemplifies it. On him, in the early days of the history of the world, devolved the duty of providing the food for the tribe or family. With feet calloused and hardened from childhood, he roamed the woods. In the Middle Ages we were forth for the same purpose, only he had a different method of performing his work. He went after his neighbor, stole his possessions, and, in a time of peace, he went to the ground. And so through the centuries.



The Various Types.

centuries man has always been a creature of action and of large feet.

Feet of Different Nations.
It is interesting to note the different ideas of beauty of foot that prevail in various countries. From babyhood the Chinese woman's foot is bound in long bandages for the purpose of keeping them small. The practice is a cruel one, and even in China has lost its power as a custom. Among one of the numerous nations of the progressive Chinese of the present generation has been an effort to educate their people against the cruel practice. The gentle, old-time colored washerwoman of our own country is a descendant of the land where the women have been the harder worker of the sexes, for we all remember the jingle about the African traveler who was pitted by the women of that country: "Let us pity the poor white man! No mother has he to bind his milk-white wife to his feet."

The feet of this good old soul have not been generations enough removed from this better civilization that the hard work of her forebears have not left a distinctive mark. But more dependable feet does not sound bad. Now, does it?

THE CRAZE FOR JET.

THE craze for Jet is shown not only in the military on exhibition, but in the jewelry in the store windows. The Jet is worn, not for decoration, but for mourning, but for decoration whether the toilet be black or colored. Some of the pieces are very beautiful. A row of disks attached to a wire seems to be the favorite in the jewelry line, and this can be carried out in filigree or solid Jet dots.

Mr. Justwed Goes Out with the Boys

LIKE a shot from a "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" gun, it came. And the devastation and despair it left in its wake made a barren waste of a peaceful, happy home. It was a time when the girls were coming to see you tonight.

"Well, they aren't," Mrs. Justwed interposed. "At least, I shall phone them not to, so there."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. J. in a split-second, "I was just about to say that. It is the way you feel about it. I wouldn't think of going. I'd get thousands times rather be with you than—"

"I don't believe it. I simply can't believe it," Mrs. Justwed had sobbed, with a most significant move toward her handkerchief. "I don't believe—Why, Homer—I actually—believe—you are—staying—home—with—hooboo—hoo!"

Mr. J. made a wild gesture like tearing his hair.

"Now, Blossom," he pleaded, "do be sensible! What an absurd statement to make—as though I could possibly prefer to be any other place than with you! Why—why—"

"Well, then," sobbed Mrs. J., completely by tears, "why do—do you want to go? You don't care—about—about the boys."

"Of course not! Of course not! But you see, Blossom, a fellow likes once in a while to play a friendly little game with his old pals and—"

"I know it," cried Mrs. J., almost triumphantly. "I know it! You report content with your home. You're bored—utterly bored! Very well, go and play your old poker—go right away—don't wait a single minute!"

"I will go!" thundered Mr. J., quite masterfully. "I will not wait a minute from this flat! I don't want to!"

And, picking up the phone, he informed Tom that his wife was ill and that he couldn't under any conceivable circumstances be present. Then he grabbed up the poker game and began to peruse it viciously.

Mrs. J. dried her eyes. For a long time she sat staring at the light, deep in the solution of some troublesome, weighty problem. Suddenly she smiled. One could almost hear her mental cry of "Eureka!"

Silently she left the living-room, and presently Mr. J. heard her fumbling around in the dining room. The sound of chairs being moved came to him through

the portals. Then, all of a sudden the unmistakable sound of poker chips—yes, poker chips—being fingered on the hard surface of a table brought him to his feet.

He went boldly to the dining room and beheld the dining-room table stripped of its cover, two chairs in place and a deck of cards and a big pile of red, white and blue chips resting invitingly on its polished surface!

"What?" gasped Mr. J. "what—what in the world are you doing, Blossom?"

Mrs. J.'s face was absolutely radiant. "Everything's all ready for a nice, quiet little 'sitting,' Homer, dear," she beamed, "and you won't miss your beloved poker after all. I'm sure I can learn the game in a very few minutes—if you'll just explain it to me."

Mr. Justwed between laughter and tears—and ended by catching Mr. J. in his arms.

His patience was simply beating. Realizing that it was "up to him," and being by nature and early environments something of a "game youngster," Mr. Justwed struggled nobly with the difference between "three of a kind" and "two pair," and the fact that one didn't actually have to have "jacks" to open—actually "better" would do the trick.

In the end he survived the ordeal. He even went so far as to pretend that the rest of the boys were there—and dealt them hands and won their money. And when Mrs. J. laid down a "full-house," which he knew she had all the time to his "full-house on deuce," he enthusiastically helped her rake in the "large and juicy pot."

More than that, at eleven o'clock he even suggested "one more round," and was as pleased as a child with a new toy when Mrs. J. corralled the remainder of the chips.

"Why, Homer, dear," cried Mrs. J., ecstatically, "poker isn't so bad, is it? Haven't you found it an adorable evening? Oh—oh—goodie—goodie! I have it! You ask Tom and the rest of your pals around tomorrow night—I don't mind my playing at all, if you will only do it at home—where I can see you!"

"Fine!" shouted Mr. J., "fine! I'll call them up the first thing tomorrow! In fact, Blossom, dear, you have no idea how much I have enjoyed my evening out with the boys!"

And Mrs. J. was radiant!

The Young Idea Shoots.

A CERTAIN fair young substitute in one of the public schools of a large Middle West city recently discovered that it is preferable, perhaps, to spank the young idea rather than to teach it to shoot by the new fangled methods of persuasion and kindness.

Though the threatening incident that brought her around to the way of thinking was one that she had to take seriously, she is still laughing at the mischievousness of the principal actor.

He was not the proverbial freckle-faced, red-haired lad, from whom one naturally expects such pranks, but a golden-haired, cherubic little boy, who really looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. In fact, he was a prize scholar, a perfect example of propriety. His fall from grace was as complete as it was sudden and original. And it happened in this way:

As the line filed into the room one day last week after the morning recess she heard an awful racket in the cloakroom. Sailing into the thick of the fray, she discovered the Cherub in a real rough-and-tumble fight with the school Bad Boy.

She separated them in a jiffy and sent them to their respective seats. Vigorous questioning disclosed the fact that the Cherub had had a bag of peanuts which the Bad Boy insisted on taking away from him. Hence the scrap.

The Bad Boy Grinned From Ear to Ear.

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Bathroom Fixings and Furnishings.

If you would have your bathroom look well, buy articles of a superior quality. This is a rule that always holds good. Heavily nickeled accessories have an advantage over inexpensive pieces in that they are easy to keep clean, as a daily rubbing with a dry, warm rag will preserve their brightness.

A rubber bath mat for use in the bottom of the tub to prevent slipping is a very useful article. The floor should be provided with a serviceable mat. The variety of soap dishes provides a large number to choose from.

A towel rack is a necessity and the arm bracket is preferred to the bar. It is much more convenient when more than one towel needs airing.

Bath spray tubing may be purchased in various lengths. The shower bath fixture is cheap and no longer a luxury.

The young schoolman started forth with to deliver a long and impressive lecture upon the desirability of a lad trying to take from another what didn't belong to him.

"Aw, teacher, I ast him to give me one and the string told me to shut up!" the Bad Boy interposed.

Then the young lady took revision to speak of the beauty and sanctity of generosity and the absolute joy of the giver in making another happy by even so small a gift as a peanut. That and a lot more on the same strain was prelate silence and the closest of attention.

The Bad Boy was then made to stand up and apologize for his buccaneer act.

The Cherub then expressed his regrets for his selfishness.

About a half hour later the geography lesson was interrupted by the raised and howling hand of the Bad Boy.

"Teacher," he cried, "I want to give Tommy a peanut. I'm sorry I was so mean!"

The young substitute was simply delighted.

"That is a very commendable spirit, indeed, Johnny. I am glad to see that you have been thinking over what I said to you. Now, both of you boys come to my desk and show the other boys and girls how nice it is to forgive and make up."